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OUR REGIMENT:

A MILITARY DRAMA

COMPILED FROM INCIDENTS IN THE



WAR OF THE REBELLION,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY

JAMES S. ✓ ROGERS.

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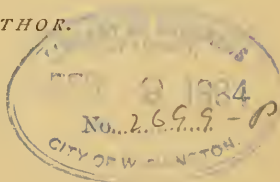
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JAMES S. ROGERS.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
(NOT PUBLISHED.)

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
24 FRANKLIN STREET.
1884.



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IMP96-006713

CHARACTERS.

JOHN MORTON.....A MANUFACTURER.
FRANK MORTONAFTERWARDS CAPTAIN COMPANY A.
MR. ROBINSON.....AFTERWARDS LIEUTENANT COMPANY A.
BOB YOUNG.....AFTERWARDS CORPORAL COMPANY A.
HANS BREITMANNPRIVATE IN COMPANY A.
MIKE BRADYPRIVATE IN COMPANY A.
GEORGE CLAY ..AFTERWARDS CAPTAIN IN CONFEDERATE ARMY.
UNCLE ADAMCOLORED SERVANT OF THE CLAYS.
FEDERAL SERGEANT.
CONFEDERATE CAPTAIN.
CONFEDERATE SERGEANT.
CONFEDERATE CORPORAL.
1ST AND 2D FEDERAL PRISONERS.
1ST AND 2D CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.
1ST AND 2D CONFEDERATE GUARDS.
MRS. JOHN MORTON.
RUTH MORTON.....SISTER TO FRANK MORTON.
MAUD CLAY.....SISTER TO GEORGE CLAY.
JERUSHA SPRIGGINSTHE YANKEE NURSE.
SOLDIERS, GUARDS, NEWSBOY, ETC.



OUR REGIMENT.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—ROOM IN THE MORTON MANSION. *Breakfast-table, R. C., with dishes, food, etc.* MR. MORTON, MRS. MORTON, RUTH MORTON, and FRANK MORTON seated. MR. MORTON reading newspaper.

Mr. Morton. Well, I declare! This is startling news indeed. Can it be possible that those rascals have actually opened fire upon United States troops?

Ruth. What, father, you don't mean to say that the people of the South are going to fight for their rights?

Mr. M. Fight for their fiddlesticks! What do you mean, Ruth, by speaking in that manner? I hope George Clay has not filled your young head with wonderful notions about the wrongs and injustice suffered by the Southern chivalry. If he has, he had better never enter —

Mrs. M. [Interrupting.] There, now, my dear, don't let's have any discussion on that topic.

Mr. M. Discussion, Mrs. Morton, discussion! It is discussion that has roused us to see the height and depth of Southern iniquity. And there will be no end of discussing, and *cussing* too, until the matter is finally settled.

Mrs. M. Yes, yes. I know very well how bitter the feeling is between the North and the South; but let us try to heal the breach with soft words rather than widen it with harsh ones.

Frank. Now, mother dear, it is very easy for a good, kind Christian woman like yourself to talk about soft words, and all that; but I tell you if this report is true, and those Southern devils have really fired at our flag, there will be something more than words, soft or hard, before we settle this business.

Mrs. M. Read, Frank: let us hear the news that excites you and father so much.

Frank. [*Reading.*] "Washington, April 14, 1861. News has just reached here by private despatch that the Southern forces lately organized at Charleston, South Carolina, are to open fire on Fort Sumter immediately. *Later.* The Secretary of War has just received a telegram saying that firing has begun, and that Major Anderson has been called upon to surrender the fort to the Confederate States Army."

Confederate States! Father, if this report is true, and I fear it is, I for one will volunteer to go and help thrash the impudent rascals, and sacrifice my life, if need be, in fighting for our Union and our flag.

Mr. M. Nobly spoken, my brave boy! I see the true blood of the Mortons flows in your veins. You have my free consent to go; and if our country needs the help of old men like myself, I too will do what I can to preserve the Union, which the Mortons of the Revolution fought so bravely to establish.

Ruth. O Frank! I hope there will be no need of your going to war. The idea of one part of our people fighting the other part is too dreadful to think of.

Mr. M. Yes, yes. The shoe pinches pretty close, I know; but I tell you now, once for all, love and family and kindred cannot and shall not stand in the way of duty to our country.

Mrs. M. You little think, Frank, how hard it would be for your sister and for me to have you, my dear boy, in such danger. And then suppose you should meet some of your classmates, possibly your own Maud's brother on the battle-field.

Frank. Mother, I love George Clay as a brother, both for his own sake and because he is shortly to become the husband of my sister; and God knows I care more for his sister than for any one on earth, for she is my promised wife. But if George Clay takes up arms against this government, then good by friendship and farewell love

Mrs. M., weeping, puts away dishes, etc.

Ruth. O Frank, how can you!

Mr. M. Right, my boy; quite right, quite right.

Frank. But mother, don't work yourself into tears before there is anything to cry for. This may all blow over yet. I will go down town and see if I can get any more news. [*Exit L.*]

Mr. M. And I will go to the mill and look after that last invoice of cotton. If we are to have a war, it may be the last I shall get for many a day.

Ruth. Oh, father dear, this talk has really frightened me! I know what terrible bitterness exists between the two sections, and I fear for

the result. George wrote me that things looked threateningly, and he feared his visit would be indefinitely postponed.

Mr. M. Well, well, child, don't worry before you are obliged to. If George is a true lover he will stick by you. If not, you don't want him, or if he lifts his hand against his country's flag, by the Eternal he can be no son of mine, — not if he should bring the whole State of South Carolina as a peace offering. [*Exit L.*]

Ruth. Oh, mother, this is too much! This horrible war will involve us in fourfold misery.

Mrs. M. True, Ruth. But we can do nothing else than submit. Let us pray that it may not come; but if it does come, our Heavenly Father will see that the sufferings of His children are not greater than they can bear. [*Exit R.*]

Ruth. [*Sol.*] I know George Clay, and I know his sentiments on this vexed question. He will talk for his side, just as Frank does for the North, and they will each join the ranks of their own. Love will give place to hate. I can see nothing but sorrow, bloodshed, and death in store for us. Would that death might come first! [*Weeps.*]

Enter JERUSHA, L.

Jerusha. Law sus-i-day, Miss Ruth, what on airth is the matter on you? There ain't none o' your folks sick nor dead nor nothin', I hope, is there?

Ruth. No, not yet.

Jerusha. Not yet? Law sus-i-day, is there any threatnin' symptoms, as the doctor says?

Ruth. Yes, Jerusha. Very threatening.

Jerusha. 'Taint brain fever nor small-pox nor convulsions nor lung fever, I hope, nor skyatica nor cholera nor none o' them horrible things, is it?

Ruth. No, no. It is an inward trouble.

Jerusha. Trouble o' your innards, hey? Law sakes, now that's too bad. You oughter take some camomile tea, and some poppy syrup and sweet oil, and soak your feet in hot water, and put a mustard poultice on your stummick when you go to bed.

Ruth. No, no, Jerusha. You do not undestand my trouble.

Jerusha. Perhaps I don't; p'r'aps I hain't nussed in lots o' jess sech cases in all my forty years' sperence with the best families in the town. I tell you nusses what is nusses knows a good deal more 'n most o' these new-fangled doctors. Now there's Aunt Polly Hokum, she that was a Thompson; she had bowel complaint jest awful, an' after the

doctors had gi'n her up they called me in jest to see her thru ; but laws a massy, I says, says I, " There ain't no need o' that woman's dyin'," an' I pulled her thru in spite o' the doctors. Them doctors hain't never treated me jest the same sence ; fur you know they told Job Snodgrass, the undertaker, to be all ready the next arternoon, an' he waited roun' till he found 't wan't no use, an' he sued them doctors for breach o' promise or suthin'.

Ruth. Did you ever read " Hamlet," Jerusha?

Jerusha. Read who?

Ruth. " Hamlet." Shakspeare's " Hamlet."

Jerusha. No, I never knowed no such person.

Ruth. It is not a person, Jerusha, it is a play.

Jerusha. Now don't go to playin' things on me, jist because I never had no chance to git an eddycation. Laws a me, if you had been the oldest of thirteen children, and been brought up on a farm as I was, you would n't have had no time for spearin into Ham, what you call him.

Ruth. I did not mean to ridicule you, Jerusha. But Shakspeare makes Hamlet say, " Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? "

Jerusha. What did she want to make him say that for ? Perhaps it was n't to his mind to have a diseased minister in the family.

Ruth. No, no. Hamlet's mind was troubled, and he wanted the doctor to cure it.

Jerusha. Well, now, it's been my sperence always — leastways, most always — that the stummick has a great deal to do with the mind. My old grandmother on my father's side, — she that was a Perkins and come from a mighty smart family of doctors and the like o' that, — she used to say, take keer of the stummick and the head will take keer of itself.

Ruth. O Jerusha ! you do not yet understand ; my heart aches to think of the horrors to which Frank is liable to be exposed.

Jerusha. Sakes alive ! you don't say so ! well now, I never ! I dew declare this is the very fust time I ever prospected Frank had dranked enough to give him the horrors.

Ruth. How do you dare talk so ; what do you mean?

Jerusha. Oh, don't git riled at me, Ruth ; why, I would n't make you mad, not for the whole world, so I would n't. I did n't mean no harm. P'r'aps I hain't got the rights on it.

Ruth. No, you certainly have not. Have you not heard we are in danger of having a war?

Jerusha. A what?

Ruth. A fight, a war, — a cruel, cruel war.

Jerusha. Law sus-i-day, no, Ruth. I never heern tell on it. Oh, how dretful to think on! I don't wonder it gives you the spepsy and stops your stummick from workin' rightly. Only to think that sech a peaceable family as yourn an' so 'spectable too, should have a fight. Why, dew tell what it's all about.

Ruth. Now, Jerusha, do listen. The people of the South are going to make war on the people of the North, and Frank says if it comes to that he shall join the army.

Jerusha. Now dew tell. Yes; I see. Why, to be sure. Yes, sartin.

Ruth. Yes, and it makes me sick at heart to think of it.

Jerusha. Well, if such things affects your heart, why don't you stop a thinkin' about it.

Ruth. Is there a way to forget to think?

Jerusha. Laws a me! Why yes, to be sure. I've seen Mrs. Watkins — she that was a Black, and married Squire Hudson for her second husband arter her first husband, John Taylor, was killed by a kick from a mule, just as he was goin' to church. Oh my land, I remember that day jest as well as if 't was yesterday. We was jest gittin' ready to walk to the meetin'-house, when John Taylor and Sairey Black — that was her maiden name, Sairey Black — went along. Them two was a leetle in front of us, and John he was full of his pranks. He see Wilbur's mule a standin' side o' the road, and jest to frighten him, John he took a holt of his tail, an' the mule he lit out, an' run like mad; but he sort o' went back with his hind legs fust, jest to git a good start, I s'pose, an' he took poor John right in his stummick, an' scattered him all over the road an' Sairey's new bunnit.

Ruth. Well, well, Jerusha. What in the world has that got to do with trying to forget to think?

Jerusha. Oh, yes; let's see where was I? Oh, I remember. I've seen that there woman quiet like for the hour together. A lookin' at nothin', and with her eyes sot on nothin' and a thinkin' of nothin', with her head so empty of idears that she acknowledged herself that it rung jest like a holler brass kittle, without nothin' into it.

Ruth. Perhaps she was lost in deep meditation.

Jerusha. I don't know what she'd lost, nor whether 't was lost in deep or shaller medit — what d'ye call it?

Ruth. Jerusha, did you ever have a brother?

Jerusha. Law sus-i-day. Yes, Ruth, thar was eleven on 'em in our family. Thar was John, he went to sea, and Jacob, well — he sort o'

went to the bad. But one day he got terrible sick, and he got religion, and died that same afternoon. Oh, my sus-i-day, what sufferin' I have had on account o' them boys!

Ruth. Well, then, perhaps you can appreciate how I suffer when I think of having my brother leave me and go to the war.

Jerusha. Law sakes, why it's just because my brothers *would n't* leave me and go off, that made me suffer so.

Ruth. Then it would have pleased you to have them killed, would it?

Jerusha. Oh, sus. Ruth, it don't foller that Frank will git killed by goin' to the war, no more 'n it follows that a horse will drink when you lead him to the water; nor 'tain't half so sartin as that a mule will start back'ards instid o' forrads when you ketch a bolt of his tail.

Ruth. You are bound to turn everything I say into ridicule.

Jerusha. No, I don't want nothin' in my reticule 'cept what belongs there. But it's my perfeshual 'pinion, Ruth, that you are borrherrin altogether too much trouble. You won't have no tears to shed at funerals if you spill 'em all now.

Ruth. Don't talk so wickedly, and make light of such serious subjects.

Jerusha. Well, then, don't you go for to act so foolish like, or you'll git light headed and be a subjick for an insane lunattick arsilum. Law sus-i day, child, trouble comes fast enough without your goin' half-way to meet it. But yonder comes somebody hurryin' up the yard, like as if he was runnin' away from trouble or suthin else.

Ruth. Where, Jerusha?

Jerusha. He's jest gone behind that clump of laylock-bushes [*bell rings*], and there, he's ringin' the bell. I guess I'll be off —

Ruth. No, no. Don't leave just yet. Mother is in the kitchen, and I do not look fit to go to the door. Do you please go, while I run out and wash my face. If he wants to see mother or me, ask him to wait a few minutes. If he calls for father or brother, direct him to the mill. [*Exit RUTH.*]

JERUSHA hastily arranges her hair, etc. Bell rings again violently.

Jerusha. Law me, what a hurry that fellow is in! I wonder what on airth is the matter?

Goes to L, opens door, and admits GEORGE CLAY.

George. Good morning, madam.

Jerusha. Miss, if you please.

George. Well, good morning, *miss*.

Jerusha. Good morning, *sir*.

George. Have I the honor of addressing a member of the Morton family?

Jerusha. Well—yes and no. I am a nuss, *sir*, a perfeshnual nuss, with the best of recommends from the fust families in the place, *sir*.

George. I beg pardon; but is any one sick here? I hope Miss Morton is not ill.

Jerusha. Yes, *sir*,—that is, no, *sir*. Miss Morton—she that we call Ruth—has a distorted brain and a fevered imagination. She has fears, and her fears strike to her head, and to her heart also, as it were, *sir*.

George. Would it be possible or proper for me to see her on business of great importance?

Jerusha. Possible, sartinly; but as to proper, why you and she must be the best judges of that air.

George. Would you kindly inform her that there is one in waiting who earnestly prays that he may receive a part of the rights and privileges of this house, dedicated to love and held forth in the memory of happy days gone by?

Jerusha. Law sus-i-day. Well, I never. Why, them's almost exactly the same words that old John Featherstone used to recite when he was loony, and said something about lodgin' Down East. I can't never remember that lingo, mister. Say it again, if you please, and say it plainer.

George. I want to speak with Miss Ruth Morton on pressing business.

Jerusha. Law sakes now, that's plain enough. All but the pressin' business. [*Aside.*] I wonder if he wants to hug her. Take a seat, *sir*, if you please, and set down, while I take your prescription to Ruth. [*Exit R.*]

George. [*Solus.*] That is indeed a wonderful specimen of Yankee femininity. I suppose all people have their uses, but I hope I shall never have use for her.

Enter RUTH, R.

Ruth. Why, George Clay, where did you come from? How glad I am to see you! I have hardly finished reading your letter saying you might possibly not be here for months.

George. And may I flatter myself that the fear of my not coming found vent at your eyes, to make them red with weeping?

Ruth. Well, I confess that I have been crying. My telltale eyes compel me to admit it. You know you always called tears a woman's safety-valve.

George. Well, then, — now that the pressure is off, — let us talk seriously and to the point, for my time is limited, and I came to speak to you on matters that concern our happiness if not our lives.

Ruth. O George, you frighten me with your terrible earnestness!

George. I am indeed terribly in earnest. I little dreamed that when I was invited to spend a college vacation in this house that I should find here the one thing needful for my happiness, and still less did I dream that so soon afterwards the oppression and insults of the North would compel the South to resent such treatment with the sword and musket. But such is the case; the first gun has been fired, and soon the South will become in fact, what it is now in form, a free and independent confederacy. I have an appointment on the staff of my uncle, the general commanding the forces at Charleston, and by him have been allowed leave of absence to come to you and claim your hand. Your heart I know I have already.

Ruth. But, George, consider, think for a —

George. [*Interrupting*] There is no room for argument nor time to consider. Our cause is just and will prevail. I offer to you a home, friends, and as true a love as ever glowed in the human breast. You are my promised wife. It remains but to legalize our vows, and thus establish our independence. Will you do it?

Ruth. O George, why do you put me to so cruel a test? You know that I love you — love you devotedly. You know, too, that my father and brother are as fixed in their opinions as you are in yours. To leave my home, at this time and in this manner, would kill my mother and bring upon me the curse of a father and brother. Let me beg of you to remain here until this trouble is over. Bury all these bitter thoughts, and I will implore my people to do the same.

Enter FRANK, at R., unobserved.

George. Ruth, life is precious, and you are more precious to me than life; but the love of one's country is above and beyond both. Without that, life would be a curse, and love a mockery.

Frank. [*Slapping GEORGE on shoulder.*] Yes, yes, my dear noble fellow, you are right. I am glad to see that your head is level, and that you have come up here to join us in putting down this infamous rebellion.

George. I have come up here, Frank, to ask my promised wife to return with me, and have a home among a people than whom none

better exists on God's footstool; a people whose rights have been trampled upon, whose liberties have been assailed, but who, by the blessing of heaven, will show your Northern hirelings that they are superior to them in arms as they are in blood.

Frank. George Clay, if you were anywhere than under my father's roof, these insulting words would not pass unpunished. You have been my warm and trusted friend, but your traitor words have forfeited that friendship. The time will soon come when your boasted Southern chivalry will crawl at the feet of our *Northern hirelings*. Go back to your "superior people!" but leave this daughter of a hireling to the protection of her friends.

George. And what word shall I take to my sister Maud, for whom you profess such wonderful love?

Frank. Tell her, as you were telling Ruth when I entered, that I love my country more than all else; for without that, life would be a curse and love a mockery.

Ruth. O George! O Frank! do not ruin the happiness of two families forever by your mad quarrel. Think of our parents, and think, oh, think of Maud and myself. Are all your solemn pledges to be broken rather than that you should consent to differ in opinion and yet be friends.

Enter MR. and MRS. MORTON, R.

Mr. Morton. Why, George, I am delighted to see you! What brought you here so unexpectedly?

Mrs. M. Ruth was saying only a little while ago, that you wrote you might not be here for a long time.

George. I came, my dear friends, to claim your daughter as my wife. You have long since consented to the union; and the time has come when my duty to her and to my country demands that I take Ruth and provide for her as my wife.

Frank. Do not be deceived, father, by this man's fine words. He is a traitor. He has insulted our flag and our people under your very roof, and, by your leave, I will show him that he cannot do it again with impunity.

Mr. M. What, George Clay a traitor, and asking to make my daughter a traitor's wife? I would rather see her dead at my feet than that she should bring such disgrace on herself and her family.

Mrs. M. O George! I have learned to love you as a son, and your sister as a daughter. Do not destroy all our hopes, and sacrifice those innocent hearts so cruelly.

George. Mother, — for I have already learned to call you by that endearing name, — you would be ashamed to call him son who would renounce his country and refuse to fight or even die in her defence. My Southern country is as dear to me as your Northern country is to you. I am as fixed in my views as Frank is in his. Argument, tears, and entreaty are alike useless. I go to fight the battles of *my* country. You, Frank, go to fight for yours. To you, Ruth, I make my last appeal: will you stay here, or will you go with me and fulfil your promise to be my wife?

Ruth. George, that speech has given me strength to answer you. Would you not be ashamed to call her wife who would renounce the land of her birth, her home, and her parents, to wed with one whose first blow might be aimed at her father and her brother?

George. Your conscience must decide whether it is your duty to stay, and thus cast me off forever; or to go, and by fulfilling your promise make yourself and me happy instead of wretched.

Ruth. I am not yet your wife, and my first duty is to these, my parents and my brother. If you are sick I will care for you; if in danger I will die for you. But I cannot, will not, join you in your wicked warfare upon all else that is near and dear to me.

Mr. M. Well spoken, my noble girl!

George. Then, Ruth, farewell, and if forever, then —

Ruth. [*Interrupting.*] No, no! not forever.

Frank. If forever, all the better.

George. Mr. and Mrs. Morton, good day, and Frank. [*Extending hand*]

Frank. [*Refusing to take his hand.*] Not now, George; I have not so soon forgotten your insulting words, and were it not for these ladies here you would have no need of going further to get full satisfaction from these *Northern hirelings*.

George. Frank Morton, we may meet again, when you will beg for favors at the hand you now refuse to take.

Frank. That will be when I am insane.

Curtain. Tableau.

SCENE 2. — STREET. MR. ROBINSON, BOB YOUNG, and HANS grouped.

Newsboy. Here's the morning *Review*. All about the war in South Carolina. Have a paper, sir?

Mr. Robinson. Well I declare, those scoundrels have actually fired at our flag, and are demanding the surrender of Major Anderson. This

will never do. If they keep on in that style, we shall have to punish them with bullets.

Hans. Dose beeples don't got no law for dose tings, ain't it, Mr. Robinson?

Mr. R. No, Hans, their course is not lawful; and this Union is too good to be broken up by a lot of rascally politicians.

Hans. Dots what I dinks, too. Dose Union is bully, and eef dot Bresident wants any hellup, by jimminy gracious I joost goes mine sellef.

Bob Young. That 's right, Dutchy; we 'll jine sure as guns, and git up sich a thunderin' racket roun' them secesh fellers' ears as will make 'em think the Eternal being 's broke loose, by ginger.

Enter MIKE BRADY, L.

Mike. Phwats all this talk about, ony how? Who's foightin', an' phwats it about, I say?

Mr. R. The Southern people say they are tired of being in the Union, and so they are going to get out of it by whipping the North.

Mike. Tired, is it! Let the spalpeens go away, thin, to some other place, and l'ave the counthry to dacint people. They 'll find that a dale aisier than thryin' to phwip the biggest half of the counthry.

Enter FRANK, L.

Mr. R. Good morning, Frank. What's the latest news?

Frank. I've just come from the telegraph office, and find that the worst has not been told in the papers. Those Sontherners are a hot-headed, impulsive people, and if we just meet them in dead earnest, and show that we mean business, they will soon simmer down, I fancy.

Hans. Dot vas yoost right. I dinks dot vay mineself, by shiminy gracious.

Frank. I propose to get up a company under this call that Gov. Andrew has just made for volunteers, and all who want to go can have a chance to sign the roll to-day. We'll soon form a company, and perhaps a regiment right here.

Bob. Bully for you, Frank! I'll be switched if I won't go right straight down an' 'list. I rayther guess we kin about cook them fellers' goose quicker'n they callate on.

Mike. Well, if ye 's is all a goin' I won't be back'ard about ccmin forrard. We'll thrash the divils mighty quick, and come home ag'in, for I don't want to be winterin' around there all summer.

Hans. I yoost dinks, by shiminy gracious, I vill hellup fill oop dot goompany minesellef.

Mike. Av coorse — you 'll do a dale towards fillin'. Begorra, if we had a few of yous fellers in the front of us, 't would make bully breast-works fur the army.

Bob. Now you 're shoutin', Mike. Come on. Forrard, march, and I'll go ahead.

Exit BOB, FRANK, and MR. R., R.

Mike. Go on, Hans. I'll kape in the rear rank. Now, march — hay fut, straw fut.

HANS stops suddenly, which knocks MIKE over. Funny business.

Hans. Oh, I did n't see you was dere!

Mike. Sure you ought to have eyes in the back of your head, it takes ye so long to git your eyes behind you. Let me go ahead now.

Hans. Vell, it's yoost der same.

Mike. Now, kape step, will yer? Put yer left fut foremost, the fust time, and thin bring the tother one to the front.

Hans. Yah, yah. I knows all dose tings vell enough.

Mike. Well, thin, lift, lift. [*HANS walks close behind MIKE, and when MIKE turns around he is knocked down by HANS's belly. Funny business.*] Sure you lifted me off my feet ag'in. You 'll do to put fore-ninst the head of the army for a batterin' ram.

Hans. Yoost you keep away, und dere vas no drubbles. [*Exit R.*]

Enter FRANK and MR. R., L.

Frank. You see, Mr. Robinson, there is no trouble in getting men to enlist. We shall be ready to report to camp to morrow afternoon at the latest. Will you look out for the men a little, while I will go and see that everything else is attended to. You had better begin to drill them at once; it will occupy their minds, and induce others to come in.

Mr. R. All right, Frank, or Captain, I suppose I must call you now.

Frank. I think there is no doubt about your being lieutenant. [*Exit L.*]

Drum beats.

Mr. R. [*Steps to R. and calls.*] Those that have signed the roll, take guns and step this way. We will have a little drill.

Awkward squad drill.

Curtain.

Assembling of regiment. Drill.

Tableau. — Off for the war.

SCENE 3.—AT THE MORTONS' HOME. MR. MORTON and MRS. MORTON. RUTH at piano, singing. *She chokes and stops.*

Ruth. Oh, I cannot sing; my heart is too sad. I could not sleep last night for the thoughts of my brother, and the hardships which he and the brave men who are with him are enduring. If I were only a man, I would be with them; but I have been thinking that even as it is, I can help them, or if not them, some others equally deserving.

Mr. M. Your head is full of schemes, Ruth. What new project have you now?

Ruth. I see there is a call for nurses at the hospitals, and I want to go. You surely cannot refuse me so reasonable a request.

Mrs. M. O Ruth, don't think of it, I pray you! To have Frank away is hard enough; I could never endure being deprived of you also. Think of the dangers to which you would be exposed from fevers and pestilence.

Ruth. But, mother, you know I should be with the best physicians, and I could do something to comfort our sick and wounded soldiers. Father can go with me to Washington, and if he decides it is not a proper place for me to stay, I promise you I will return with him. What do you say, father?

Mr. M. That is for you and your mother to decide. My heart is so full, and my interest in the cause so great, that I can hardly refrain from trying to go myself, in spite of my age. However hard it may be to part with you, I do not feel like denying you such a noble wish.

Ruth. There, mother. You see, father is willing. It may not be long before our family will be united again in peace and happiness.

Mrs. M. Ruth, you are my only daughter; my first-born has left me, and must I lose my baby too? I cannot say no, but you must not compel me to say yes. You have always been good and true, and may God bless and keep you in whatever position you feel called upon to occupy.

Ruth. Bless you, dear mother. God bless you both. You have indeed made me happy. Now that you have consented, there is not a moment to lose. I have been scraping lint and making bandages for the last month, and I fear you will find your rag-bag and old linen pretty well cleaned out. I will be ready to start tomorrow morning.

Mr. M. It may not be possible for me to leave the mill. We have just taken a large contract from government, and now that Frank is gone there is no one to help me.

Mrs. M. Suppose our troops should be conquered, and our govern-

ment be compelled to suspend payment, would not this contract cripple your resources?

Mr. M. Don't suggest such a thought, Mary. We cannot fail. As John Adams said, "The cause will raise up armies and create navies. The people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves gloriously through this struggle; but if we should fail, what would all our possessions be worth, with a Union destroyed and a country divided? I will spend my last dollar and my last drop of blood for our country and our flag.

Mrs. M. Well, well, John, don't get all worked up again. The future looks awfully dark to me, and I cannot help thinking aloud occasionally.

Door-bell rings. RUTH goes to door, L.

Ruth. Here is a part of the dark future you spoke of, mother. Come in, sir.

Enter UNCLE ADAM.

Mr. M. Good evening, sir.

Adam. Ebenin, mawsa, ebenin, missus.

Mr. M. What is your name, my good man, and what do you want?

Adam. Adam was de fust man. Ebe was de tudder. I'se Adam, mawsa, ole Uncle Adam, an' I reckon I'se de fust man what's made so long a journey sence ole man Adam was drove outen de garden, sah.

Mr. M. Well, Adam, where are you from?

Adam. Is you Mawsa Morton?

Mr. M. Morton is my name, — John Morton.

Adam. Sartin sure, you Mawsa Morton, — Mawsa John Morton. No mistake?

Mr. M. Not the slightest in the world.

Adam. Cause a'ter all dis heap o' trouble I don't zackly want to be sayin' nuffin to de wrong man, mawsa. Is you got a boy ole enuff to git married?

Mr. M. I have. Do you bring any news from him?

Mrs. M. If you have any news of Frank, good or bad, tell us at once, I beg of you.

Adam. Yes; yah, yah, dat's all right; dis am de right place, shu nuff. Ole Adam on de right track dis yer time.

Ruth. Speak, for heaven's sake! What of Frank? Tell us all you know.

Adam. Golly, miss, dat ar would n't take long to tell you all dis chile knows. An' in de fuss place I don't know nuffin 'tall 'bout

Frank, 'ceptin' I done know dat de Mr. Morton what I was tole for to find had a boy by de name ob Frank, an' when you done tole me him is you un's boy, I knowd ole Adam was on de right track. Dat's all about Frank.

Mr. M. Where do you come from, Adam, if that is your name?

Adam. Yes, mawsa, you guess zactly right de fust time; that's me sure. I come from Richmond, Virginny, mawsa, an' I reckon I'se de fust pusson what's got froo dem soger folks since de shootin'. Golly, Mawsa Morton, I don't reckon you knows nuffin 'bout de times down roun' Richmond, does yer?

Mr. M. We have heard a good deal about it, but perhaps you can give us some fresh information.

Adam. Golly, mawsa, I'se poo' man, an' ain't got nuffin for give yer. But I'se had right hard times gittin yere. I done got cotehed two times, an' once I runned away, an' t'other time I specks I hurt somebody. I never stopped to ax. But you see I had to do it, for when Miss Clay she tell me for to fine you out, my goodness, man, dar ain't nuffin can stop dis chile.

All. Miss Clay? Maud?

Adam. Yes, dat's her, Miss Maud Clay. Oh my golly, I sets heaps by dat ar gal.

Mrs. M. Well, what did Miss Clay send you here for? What word do you bring?

Adam. Why, bress your heart, missus, old Adam could n't tell you half she said. She said, "Here Adam, you jest git froo dem lines, an' go to ———, an' fin' Mr. Morton, an' you won't haf to come back no more, an' you'll be free and dey'll give you heaps for eat," an' all dat.

Mr. M. Yes, yes, Adam, you shall be well cared for; but was this all that brought you here?

Adam. Oh, no, mawsa. Dese yer two legs day done fotched me yere, an' I would n't have come for all de close an' all de bacon and all dat, ef Miss Maud had n't 'a' sent me, for I hated to leave poo' Miss Maud all alone down dere.

Mrs. M. Well, what on earth did she send you for? Don't keep us waiting any longer.

Adam. Well, she sent heaps o' howdye to all four of you put to-gedder, an' she said her letter would tell you all about it.

Mr. M. But we have not received any letter.

Adam. I reckon dat's so, sartin sure.

Ruth. Where is the letter? Did you bring a letter from Miss Clay?

Adam. Oh golly, miss, I done forgot all about dat ar letter. Shu

nuff, dat 's just de t'ing what she said you would want. I reckon I put dat letter somewhar. Those sojers dey sarched an' dey sarched, but I don't reckon dey done got dat ar letter. [*Business.*] Here 't is. [*Holds up piece of paper.*]

Ruth. [*Snatching paper, reads.*] "To whom it may concern. Pass this man through the lines on business important to the army. Rob't E. Lee, General Commanding, C. S. A." This is not a letter from Mand. Look again.

Adam. No, dat ar ain't no letter, shu nuff. Golly, miss, I done forgot whar dat ar letter is hid. I'se got him somewhar, sartin shoo. [*Business.*] Dar. I'se got him now for sartin. [*Passes another paper to RUTH.*]

Ruth. [*Taking it, reads.*] "Pass this man to the rear without delay. G. B. McClellan, Brig. Gen'l Commanding, U. S. A." Why, this is another pass, try again. [*More business.*]

Adam. Great golly, miss. I specks I'se got him in todder boot. Yès, yes, here 't is, shu nuff.

Ruth. [*Taking letter, reads.*]

"RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 7, 1861.

"*My dear Friends,* — In my agony of despair I send my trusted servant Adam with this letter, which I dare not send through the mail, as all letters are now examined; and this would be withheld as contraband, and subject me to insult and annoyance. My dear brother, in spite of all I could say, has enlisted in the Southern army. My father has been pressed into doing duty as home guard; and my poor mother, overcome by grief, has passed beyond the river where wars and rumors of wars are never known."

Poor Mrs. Clay dead?

Adam. Yes, miss, dat am a fac'; poo' missus, she clar done gone for shoo.

Ruth. [*Resuming reading.*] "I am left alone in our deserted home, and you must know that my sympathies are not with the South.

"Believing that you hold similar sentiments with me, I beg to be allowed to seek shelter under your roof, if by any means I can make my escape from this place. Please reply by mail at once, directing to care Major Strong, commanding advanced pickets, Richmond, Virginia. Leave the letter unsealed, and simply write yes or no. With love to all, and anxiously awaiting your reply, I remain,

"Affectionately your friend,

"MAUD CLAY."

Mr. M. That girl's heart is in the right place. Her Northern education did better for her than George's did for him.

Mrs. M. Write quickly, Ruth, and we will send the letter by to-night's mail.

Ruth. Shall I say yes or no?

Mr. and Mrs. M. Say yes — yes — yes, of course.

Mr. M. And now, Adam, we must provide for you. I think, Mary, some of my clothes will fit him. Select something good, and we will get his old duds off as soon as possible.

Mrs. M. I will go now, while Ruth is writing to Maud. [*Exit Mrs. M. R.*]

RUTH goes to table and writes.

Mr. M. Well, Adam, I suppose you will want to work at something. What can you do?

Adam. Anything, mawsa, eberyting. Hoe corn, pick cotton, mind de niggers, feed de hogs, and tote things. Pore missus, she's done died, an' Mawsa Clay, he's off in de home geerd, an' Mawsa George he's done made a gineral or cap'n or suffin, an' de ole place is all broke up; dar ain't nuffin for eat, and I'se done weary of dat ar place anyhow.

Mr. M. How old are you Adam?

Adam. I dunno rightly, mawsa, how old I is. I reckon I'se sixteen or eighty like.

Mr. M. Why, don't you know when you were born?

Adam. No, Mawsa Morton. I specks I was dere dough, shoo for sartin.

Mr. M. Yes, you were probably on hand at the time of your birth; but what year was it?

Adam. Oh, yes, I knows dat much! It was just free year lackin' a moon arter de big star fell; dat was jess de time. My ole granny she done know all about dat ar.

Enter Mrs. M. R.

Mrs. M. The clothes are all ready in the kitchen chamber.

Ruth. And here's the letter, ready for mailing.

Mr. M. I'll take it to the office at once. Come this way, Adam, and I'll show you to the chamber.

Exit Mr. M. and Adam, R.

Ruth. Oh, how glad I am that Mand is coming! Now I feel more contented to leave you, for you will have her for a companion.

Mrs. M. Yes, that will indeed be some comfort; but I fear she may be prevented from coming.

Ruth. Well, I declare, you look on the very blackest side of everything.

Enter Adam, R.

Mrs. M. Yes, and here comes the blackness again. Well, Adam, how do you like your new clothes?

Adam. Like, missus, why, I like 'em too much. Dey done make new man outen ole Adam. Gollys, I hain't never had no sech clo's as dese sence I was boned into dis yer world. May de good Lord in heb'n bress you all for dese yer nice tings. Look a' dat! Look a' dat! [*Business.*] See dese yer nice pockets. My golly! [*Brings out pieces of silver.*] What's dat ar? Silver? Silver for shoo. How come dis yer money in dar? Dat's true money, I'll be bound. [*Business.*]

Mrs. M. Yes, Adam. I thought you would like a little spending money.

Adam. Bress you, missus, bress you all—two of you boff put togedder.

Oh praise, member, praise God,
Praise God until I die.
I want some valiant a soldier here,
For to help me bar de cross.

Ruth. What a musical voice. Give us another song.

ADAM sings.

Curtain.

Tableau. ADAM'S dream.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—THE SCOUTS. *Enter FRANK with BOB YOUNG, HANS, MIKE, and another soldier.*

Frank. It was near this place, I think, that the Johnnies had their outer picket line when we drove them yesterday.

Hans. I dinks I sees two, tree, sev'ral mens in dose pushes, oonder der bank yoost outside der fence.

Mike. [*Hiding behind HANS.*] Moind yer eye, Captain. Begorra, the woods furuinst the hill may be as full of the divils as an egg is of mate. It's not soon I'll furgit how the spalpeens sneaked up behind us yesterday, an' kim near goblin the whole pack of us.

Bob. Wall, we was too many for 'em that time, and I don't cal'late they'll ketch us asleep if I know myself. Them tarnal critters is plaguy foxy though, and the wust part on it all is they're on their own ground. By the great horn spoons, if this was Cape Ann I don't guess them fellers would have much of a show if they was ten times as many as we be. Would n't we give 'em a racket, though, over them hills and quarries?

Hans. I doud yoost vant dem putterent chaps around my Katrina und der leetle ones. I dinks we petter not wait for dose dimes, ain't it?

Frank. No, Hans, they shall never call the roll of their slaves under Bunker Hill Monument until every man of the North is dead or in prison.

Bob. Now you're shoutin', Cap'n. By the great horn spoons, so they sha'n't.

Mike. Divil a bit more territory will we give them. Faith I'd help shovel all the United States into barrys, and wheel them into the Atlantic, afore these craythers should have 'em.

Frank. Boys, I think you had better stay here while I creep up to the fence yonder, and see what the chances are of advancing our picket line to that point. Those stumps and trees will protect us from the sharpshooters' bullets, if we can get there after dark to-night. Here, Bob, take my glass and watch me. Wait for me to wave my hand this way, before you come on.

Bob. Be careful, Captain; don't go too far.

Mike. Sure I'd rather lose my right hand than to have the hair of yer head hurted by them devils.

FRANK goes off, L.

Bob. Well, boys, see that your traps are in order. I don't just like the looks of this 'ere. We may have music soon. It's about time for the lieutenant to come up with his men.

Hans. Here gomes de poys. Mine goot gracious, dot vos petter as goot. I don't yoost like a big fight mit nobody on our side to it.

Enter Lieutenant with men.

Lieut. Well, boys, where is the Captain?

Mike. Do you mind him beyant, like a hound on the scent. Oh, I'm sorry he went, be jabbers, for it seems too bad for such a foine lad to run any risk wid such neighbors.

BOB looking through his glass.

Bob. I'm gol darned if you ain't a reg'lar built poick, Mike, but—hush. By the jumping John Rogers, our captain is trapped. Those graybacks have got him sure. The bushes and stumps are full on 'em.

Lieut. Boys, he must not be taken if we can save him. Let every man fight to the death. Forward, double-quick, march!

Exit L. Picket firing. Skirmishing. Union men slowly retreat. Rebs follow them across the stage L. to R. Rebs retreat and Union men follow back. Rebs re-enforced. Union men retreat R. Rebs come up, bringing FRANK as prisoner.

1st Reb. I say, Yank, let's have that ticker.

2d Reb. You might as well fork over your dosh.

3d Reb. I'll take them boots for my sheer.

1st Reb. Off with that coat. Quick, too.

2d Reb. I'll take the hat.

3d Reb. Gimme your wallet, Yank.

All make a dive for it. During the business FRANK attempts to escape. Is seized and dragged back.

Tableau.

Curtain.

SCENE 2. — IN CAMP. *One man mending clothes. One cleaning his gun. Four playing cards. One writing* HANS *acting as cook. HANS goes out, and one of the boys puts cartridge in the kindling.*

Bob. Look a here, Hans, what are you going to give us for dinner?

Hans. I don't got nutting for geef but dose ting vat you call de salt hoss, und der hardt tack, vot bees so full of der vurrms. I dinks ter pesht vay vos to make soup out o' dem fellers.

Mike. Musha then if I could have some baked pirates and a piece of Widdy Maloney's pig, that I helped kill the day before I left home, I could fight like a tiger for a month.

Bob. Yes; and if I could have some boiled codfish and some brown bread and beans, I'd be willing to stand guard twenty-five hours in the day for nine days in the week.

Lieut. R. Well, boys, we must not complain of our food. Remember what the poor fellows are suffering who are shut up in those rebel prison-pens. My last letter from home tells of poor Johnny Foster, who was nearly starved to death before he got away.

Mike. If the divils should iver ketch us, Hans would outlive the whole of us.

Lieut. R. How so, Mike?

Mike. Why, don't you see he could live on himself — like a polly-wog does — for the first year, and then he wouldn't be so lean as we are now.

Hans. Oh, mine gracious! you don't petter talk such dings. Ven I don't got nottings to keep me stretch out, I'll die sooner as you.

Bob. Come, Hans, stir up the fire. We want something to eat, even if it is n't codfish, or Widow Maloney's pig.

HANS *goes to the kettle. Lights a match, powder explodes, and tumbles him over. All laugh and shout, and run to pick him up.*

Mike. Oh, by the mither o' Moses, I belave my soul that Hans has busted hisself intoirely.

Bob. He's had so much commissary whiskey that his breath caught fire when he lighted the match.

Hans. Oh, doonder und blitzen, oh gracious gracious! I dinks dot fire blow up mit me into schmall pieces. Oh, mine Gott! I dond know nutting where is der rest of me.

Mike. Here's another piece of you, Hans. [*Handing him his hat.*]

Hans. You dond got nuttings for eat if you blay such tricks as dot two more times ain't it.

Bob. We'll court-martial the fellow that put powder in the wood, if we can find him.

Hans. I yoost peliefs you haf to look in der glass ef you wants to find him.

Guard. [*Without.*] Corporal of the guard, Post No. 3.

Soldier. That means you, Bob.

BOB goes out R, mail comes in L. and is distributed. Re-enter BOB R. with GEORGE CLAY disguised as a poor white.

Bob. Here is a man that wants to jine our regiment, and I rayther guess he 'd better be taken to headquarters. Where 's Liéut. Robinson?

Mike. Talk of pigs and you hear them squale. Here comes the Lieutenant.

Enter LIEUT. ROBINSON L.

Lieut. R. Whom have you here, Corporal?

Bob. A cracker, who claims to be from hereabouts. Says he wants to enlist in our ranks, for he cannot fight agin the Union. You look him over, and see what you think of him.

Lieut. R. Look here, my friend, the corporal tells me you want to enlist.

George. Wall, ye see how 't is, Cap'n, I'se a poo' man an' I lives down yere hy de crick, right over thar, t'other side o' yon hill. I'se got more friends in de Norf than I has about yere, an' I don't want nothin' to do 'bout killin' on 'em. Now de cap'ns in de Confedrit Army fosed me to jine 'em, so I done clar'd out, an' I had heaps o' trouble in gettin' over yere too. It wa'n't such a tarble ways to come, but the doggoned cusses watched me powfle close, an' I had to steal away in the night like a thief, an' it give me rhumatiz powfle bad layin' in the swamps.

Lieut. R. But what do you want here? This is no hospital. We want nothing but soldiers here, who will fight.

George. Oh, I kin fight, Cap'n; I kin handle a gun right smart, and I kin tell ye all about this yer country round yere, and whar ye can go and what ye can do, for I was bo'n an' raised in this yer county, Cap'n.

Lieut. R. Well, what can you tell us now about the force under Lee? Where are they now, where are they going, and how many are there in his command?

George. I don't just rightly know whar they be a goin' at, but thar 's a powfle heap o' sojers an' a mighty sight o' wagons an' right smart o' stuff, an' they done took lots o' Union sojers prisoners in the lass fight. I don't reckon you uns have got folks enough to stan' agin 'em. But I kin tell yer of a crick bottom about a look an' a half or two looks from yon hill, what 's powfle nat'ral like for a campin' place, and whar

a triffin' gang could keep off a power o' people. Thar's a fine spring thar in a cave like, and right smart o' shucks for your hosses.

Lieut. R. And you would advise our going there to get rid of bein' gobbled by Lee, would you?

George. Well, now, I dunno's you'd take the advice of a poo'ign'ant stranger like I is, but if you'd chance it you'd be heaps better off, I reckon. How many sojers is there in these yeer camps?

Lieut. R. The muster-rolls are not quite completed; when they are you can look them over. We shall issue a bulletin for your special perusal.

George. I don't zackly git all you say throo my head, Cap'n; but, hows'ever, whar will yer put me now, for I'm powfle hungry like. I hain't had a snack o' nothin' to eat sence sundown yesterday.

Lieut. R. If I were to act upon my first impressions, your carcass should feed the buzzards before I ever fed you a mouthful. How came such a ring as that on the finger of a poor man?

George. Oh, Cap'n! fo' God, that thar ring was give me by my pore wife. She put that thar ring on-to my finger when she was a dyin'. A rich Northern man give that thar ring to her, Cap'n, for savin' the life of his child when he was — a —

Lieut. R. There, don't worry your brain to hatch up any more infernal lies. I know you. That ring was given to you by as noble a girl as ever drew the breath of life. Her name is Ruth Morton, and yours, you sneaking traitor, is George Clay. I have seen you too often in my native village, a guest of Frank Morton's family, to mistake you now. Seize him, guards. [*Tears off disguise.*] He is a rebel spy! This is partial revenge for the capture of our captain. [*Tableau.*]

Curtain.

SCENE 3. — THE SENTENCE. *Officers and guards enter with prisoner.*

Prisoner's hands bound behind him. Prisoner takes position, L.

Officers, C. Four soldiers, R.

Lieut. Robinson. George Clay, it becomes my duty to read to you the order of the court-martial which has just passed upon your case, and to cause the sentence to be put into execution. You have been charged with performing a service for the army now in rebellion against the United States government, which is punishable with death.

“HEADQUARTERS, 3D DIVISION 2D ARMY CORPS,
Oct. 13, 1862.

“The court-martial convened this day for the purpose of trying George Clay, a captain in the so-called Confederate Army, for being a

spy in the Union lines, having attended to that duty, respectfully report that they find him guilty of the offence charged; and the said George Clay is hereby sentenced to be put to death by being publicly shot on the 25th of October, between the hours of 10 and 11 A. M."

You were found within our lines in the character of a spy. There were no mitigating circumstances, and yet by the kindness of the presiding officer of the court, you are not to be hung, as is usual in such cases, but are to be shot instead. Have you anything to say why this sentence should not now be put into execution?

George. Allow me to thank the court through you for the favor of being permitted to be shot like a soldier, rather than hung like a dog. My country is as dear to me as is yours to you. I have enlisted in her defence, and have done my best to serve her. I was aware of the danger to which I was exposed when I accepted the service for which I am now to die. But I die as I have lived,—a Southern man, with Southern principles. I only regret that I cannot live to see the rights of the South established, and her people a free and independent nation. I have but one favor to ask, that you will take this ring, Lieutenant, and if you live to see her who gave it me, tell her that George Clay died as he had lived, true to his country, and true to his love for Ruth Morton. I have done

Prisoner blindfolded, and kneels beside his coffin. Guards take position.

Lieut. R. Ready, aim.

RUTH MORTON rushes in L. between guard and prisoner, and cries, Hold.

Lieut. R. Recover arms! Shoulder arms! Order arms! Young woman, what is the meaning of all this? Explain yourself, and quickly too.

Ruth. Read for yourself.

Lieut. R. [*Reads.*]

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 21, 1862.

"GEN. O. O. HOWARD, COMMANDING 3D DIV., 2D ARMY CORPS.

"Sir,—For good and sufficient reasons I hereby commute the sentence of military court-martial in case of George Clay, from death to imprisonment at Fort Warren, near Boston.

"You will send him to Washington at once, where he will join other prisoners to be forwarded East.

"A. LINCOLN, *President,*
and *Commander-in-Chief, U. S. A.*

"A true copy,

"Attest: E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War."

Lieut. R. George Clay, I congratulate you on your timely escape. You, miss, have saved his life and spared us a sad duty; for however vile the offence, no true soldier delights in taking the life of a defenceless prisoner. Rise and behold your benefactress. [*Takes bandage from GEORGE CLAY'S eyes.*]

George. Ruth?

Ruth. Yes, George, it is I.

Lieut. R. Shall I present this ring according to your instructions?

George. No, no! I can never part with it while my life is spared. This day makes it a thousand times more valuable than ever. But, Ruth, how came you here, and why is it that you have become my deliverer?

Ruth. The story is a short one. I was nursing in the hospital near Washington. I heard you were taken prisoner and learned your sentence. Through the wife of the Secretary of War, I gained his ear and obtained the paper which alone would save your life.

George. God bless you, my noble, heroic girl! How can I ever sufficiently thank you?

Ruth. Not to me, but to our President, is the credit due. Thank God for giving us so noble a man. O George, if my brother should ever be in such peril, promise me you will do what you can to aid him.

George. I promise most solemnly, but the chances of my ever having the opportunity are very slight indeed.

Drum-call.

Lieut. R. I regret, Miss Morton, that duty forbids my allowing you and Mr. Clay a private interview, and that even now the drum-call compels me to separate you.

GEORGE and RUTH shake hands and part.

Guards conduct GEORGE off R. to slow music. RUTH stands watching.

Curtain.

Tableau. RUTH at prayer.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — AT FORT WARREN. *GEORGE with other prisoners seated at table. Bread, coffee, sugar, crackers, and cold meat; plates, knives and forks.*

George. I begin to get tired of this bill of fare. It is wholesome enough, to be sure; but I should think they might vary it a little with fruit, and some kind of fish or fowl where all are so plenty.

1st Reb. For my part it's heaps better 'n I expected, and ain't half so triflin' as we had in our regiment, right smart of the time.

2d Reb. That's so. These dog-goned Yanks treat we uns like humans; but I reckon they s'pects to have to change places soon, an' are lookin' to be treated 'bout like how they treat us.

George. I don't know about that. I fully believed we should hear our guns on the main land before this, and I have looked every time I have been on the ramparts to see if I could spy the Stars and Bars anywhere in the distance.

1st Reb. I've done give up lookin' for that, Cap'n.

2d Reb. If I thought we should n't beat 'em, I reckon I'd take the oath now and git outen this. I'm tired o' bein' cooped up in yere.

George. How dare you utter such thoughts? No true man would sell his honor for his freedom.

1st Reb. When you come to that, Cap'n, there's heaps of our people don't want to fight, and you know it. And for my sheer I'd rather be stuffed with Yankee bread than Yankee bullets.

2d Reb. So'd I; but if the simple matter of swearin' a little would give me freedom and bread too, I dunno whar's the harm.

George. Have you no love of country, no pride, no manliness?

1st Reb. Them thar things does well enough for you uns with straps on and all that, a feedin' on turkeys and taters, while we uns eats corn dodgers an' bakin, an' not much o' that.

2d Reb. Yes, an' kin git on ginerals' staffs, an' have a errant another way when thar's a fight goin' on.

George. Do you mean to accuse your officers of cowardice, you whelps?

2d Reb. No, I don't mean for to do that. But you know well enough what I mean.

1st Reb. Yes, an' you know too that if it was put to vote to-day, more 'n half the Southern army would skedaddle if they could.

George. Yes, and I suppose the Northern soldiers would do the same.

1st Reb. I ain't never seed none o' that kind.

2d Reb. You must remember, Cap'n, that you've been yere more 'n a year longer 'n we uns, an' things don't be so bloomin' as when you got taken.

George. Yes, that's so, that's so. If all you say is true, then our chance is slim indeed. But let us take courage; all may yet be well.

Enter sergeant of guard, R.

Sergt. I want you two chaps for this relief. Your time [to GEORGE] comes at twelve. [*Exit with 1st and 2d Rebs, R.*]

George. [*Solus.*] Those fellows have brought me all the news I have had of the outside world for fourteen long months. I sometimes wonder whether they are fair representatives of our troops or not. If I could get the guard to give me some reliable news of the war I should feel better, but this suspense is unbearable.

Enter SERGEANT with letters, R.]

George. A letter for me? Who can have written it. A letter. George Clay, Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. Yes, there can be no mistake. It is for me. A woman's writing. Can it be from Ruth? Oh, yes, it must be. No, it's not her hand. Who else, perhaps—why what a fool I am! I can open it and find out. What! the seal broken? Oh yes, my captors must have the first reading, It's from Maud.

“*My dear Brother —*”

.....

Why, that's in this State. [*Reads.*]

“With a heart full of sorrow, I write to tell you something of the past year. I must be brief, and state only facts, or the letter will be too long to pass the inspectors.

“You had not been absent four weeks before father was pressed into service on the home picket guard. Our poor mother had a return of her heart trouble, and died the next week after father went.” [*Dead? my mother dead?*] “I could not get word to father, and she was buried without a minister or a funeral. In my despair, I wrote the Mor-

tons, sending the letter by our trusty Adam. They wrote me to come. Just as I was preparing to leave, I heard of the capture of Frank Morton, and of his confinement in Libby. Sending word to father, I urged him to try for Frank's release. He went to the colonel. Hot words followed, which resulted in father's being put in the chain gang. When I think of you and Frank, naked and starving in horrid prison-cells, I get nearly frantic. Let me hear from you if possible. Address, Care John Morton,

"Your loving sister,

"MAUD CLAY."

Is this real, or do I dream? My mother dead. My father in the chain gang. I in a Northern prison. My sister taken refuge in Frank's home, and Frank in Libby Prison. If the devil himself had been consulted, he could not have conceived a more horrible plot.

Enter SERGEANT, R., with 1ST and 2D REBS.

Exit SERGEANT with GEORGE, R.

1st Reb. I wonder what Cap'n will say when he finds us gone.

2d Reb. I don't care; here comes the officer to give us the oath.

1st Reb. We'll be Yanks for a while anyway.

Enter CAPTAIN with Bible, R. Both REBS place hands upon it.
Tableau. Taking the oath.

Curtain.

SCENE 2.

Adam. [R.] Oh, my gollys! dere 's heaps o' trouble on dis yer ole man's mind, dat ar 's sartin shu. Miss Maud, she would n't give me nor herseff no peace till I jess started off to git poo' Massa Frank outen dat ar prison. De bressed Lord knows I'll do it if I kin, but dat 's de pint, kin I? I done got froo dem Union sojers well nuff, but how 's I gwine to git froo de Revel lines? Dat 's a black hoss of anudder color. Dere comes a officer.

Enter Reb. Captain, L. Well, you old black whelp, what are you sneaking around this place for anyhow?

Adam. O Marsa Cap'n, I done loss my little yaller dog. You hain't seen nuffin of a little yaller dog, have ye, wid a bob tail, an' his ears cut off, an' one sore eye? I dunno what dis nigger will do if I done loss dat ar yaller dog.

Reb. Capt. Confound your dog! Where do you belong?

Adam. I belongs in de camps, Marsa Cap'n.

Reb. Capt. Which camp?

Adam. De camps whar de sojers is, ob course.

Reb. Capt. What soldiers?

Adam. De sojers in the army.

Reb. Capt. If you belong to our army, you must have a pass.

Adam. Yes, Marsa Cap'n, I did have a pass till dem chaps in de camps done t'ief 'em away from me.

Reb. Capt. That's a likely story. Here, Corporal, look out for this fellow.

Enter CORPORAL, L.

Corporal. Come here, ole man; whar ye bound?

Adam. I don't mind tellin' *you*, but dat ar cap'n thar he called me cuss names, an' I would n't tell *him*.

Corporal. Well, out with it.

Adam. Ye see, Corporal, a long time fo' de war, I done buried a bottle of whiskey in yon field; an' I hain't rightly had no chance for to git him till dis yere blessed day. It's tarble nice. Smell o' dat.

Corporal. I'm dog-goned if that ain't the rale stuff. I reckon I'll take this prisoner. [*Drinks.*]

Adam. Oh my golly, Marsa Corp'l, don't take 'em all. Do leave one little sup for de pore ole man.

ADAM sings. *CORPORAL gets tipsy. ADAM steals his coat, cap, and pistol.*

Adam. Dere now, I reckon I'se all right once mo'.

Enter Guard, L. Halt! Who comes there?

Adam. Friend wid de countersign.

Guard. Advance, friend, and give the countersign.

Adam. Don't stop me, Marsa geerd, I'se got tings for de camps. A soger on de pickets is a dyin' in de fits, and de cap'n he sent me to de camps for to tell de surgeon, an' to tote dis yer truck.

Guard. All right, go on, ole man.

SCENE 3. — LIBBY PRISON. FRANK, HANS, and other prisoners, sitting on the floor and standing about.

Frank. Oh, how much longer must I suffer in this horrible place? One by one my companions have fallen off, and their places been supplied with fresh victims. Day after day we have been promised exchange, only to have the promise broken and our hearts broken also.

Hans. You talk mit yourself, ain't it, Cap'n?

Frank. Yes, Hans; I was merely thinking aloud.

Hans. I dond think dese times will be long. You stand 'em tree times so mooch as I can. Dot Mike he tell how mine pelly sofat make me leef mooch time more as de leetle chaps, but dose ish not so. I've gone so leetle as you, and not been here half so long time.

Frank. True, true, Hans. You suffer more than I do, poor fellow! (He is already dying from exhaustion.) But cheer up, we may yet live to breathe the air again of our dear New England hills.

Enter REB. SERGEANT, R.

All. Bread, brea!; give us bread!

Sergt. You deserve steel and cold lead, you miserable Yanks!

Frank. Yes, we are miserable enough, heaven knows, and made so by this cruel treatment. Oh, for the love of all that's human, kill us at once, or let us have something to keep off this gnawing hunger!

Sergt. I suppose you 'll all get your liberty to-morrow; but if I had my way I'd put a bullet through each one of you, just to see the blood flow from your black Yankee hearts.

Frank. O Sergeant, are we to be exchanged at last? Thank God, thank God!

Sergt. Yes, every dog-goned one of you has got the privilege of getting plenty to eat and plenty to wear, if you only take the oath and join our army. I s'pose you 'll all jump at the chance.

Frank. I for one never will. You may starve me, shoot me, tear my limbs off one by one, burn out my eyes, do anything. I will never, never take an oath to support your hellish treason.

Hans. O mine Gott! Vas dat de liberty you mean? Dot vas youst to fool some more, ain't it?

Sergt. Well, Yanks, how about the rest of ye? Any one that wants plenty of beefsteak, bread and butter, hot coffee, and all that, can have it on those conditions.

Frank. Oh, you fiend! Can you contrive any other way to torment us?

Sergt. Shut up, you dirty puppy! Give the others a chance, or I'll drop you.

Hans. I dinks youst as he dinks.

1st Prisoner. I cannot go.

2d Prisoner. I must stay with him.

3d Prisoner. [*Lying on the floor.*] I have not long to stay. My name is on the muster-rolls higher up.

Sergt. Drop us a line when you git up thar.

Hans. Do for Gott's sake please geef us some vater mit der pread, Dose pread vas so hard to eat mitout vater, for de scurvy has loosed all our teeth.

Sergt. Oh, yes; you shall have hot biscuit and dip toast, old Sauerkroust. [*Exit SERGEANT, R.*]

Enter REB. CAPTAIN, R.

Reb. Capt. Prisoners, I am sorry to hear that none of you will take the oath of allegiance and join our ranks. I have heard this talk you have had with the sergeant, and as I have the right to make a few exchanges, I will name all in this room except you. [*To FRANK.*] You loud-mouthed whelp. If it had not been for you, the rest would have enlisted. The rest of you Yanks will be taken out this afternoon. [*Exit R.*]

Frank. O my God, this is too much! I shall never, never live to get out. This ends it. Hans, my good fellow, when you get home, tell them how I loved them; tell them, Hans, that I died true to them and to the dear old flag; tell them —

Enter SERGEANT, R.

Sergt. Here, go for it, you hounds. [*Throws bread on floor.* HANS and first prisoner fight for a piece of bread. SERGEANT knocks HANS down and kicks him. *Exit SERGEANT, R.*]

Hans. O mine Gott, dot plow proke mine ribs in, and I dond got long for to leef now. O my Katrina, O my leetle poys and girls, I vas so hopes I see you — but no, no.

Frank. Cheer up, Hans, you are going to get out of here and be free this afternoon; you will be better soon.

Hans. Yah, I shall be petter soon; I shall be free. I see the big gates swing their hinges on, and der bright sun and der trees, and der birds, and Katrina, and der leedle ones. Ha, ha, good by. [*Dies.*]

Frank. Yes, yes, the golden gates have opened, and another bright soul has flown from hell to heaven. Oh, how long must I wait for the blessed release which death alone can bring?

SCENE 4. — STREET. *Enter ADAM, R.*

Adam. Dem geerds day keeps sech stric' watch I can't fool 'em no how, I don't reckon. I'se done got heaps o' money, an' I'se skeered o' my life wid so much in my close. I feels jes like a walkin' paymaster's depatment, but I don't jes know if it's de bes way to git froo wid money or wid lies. Dere comes a geerd; I'll try lies fust, dey's heaps cheaper.

1st Guard. Halt thar, ole man ! What are ye doin' roun' hyar this time o' night ?

Adam. Well, Marsa Cap'n, ye see I done loss my little yaller dog, what I sets heaps by, Cap'n. You hain't seen nothin' o' no yaller dog roun' yere I reckon, hev ye, Cap'n.

1st Guard. No, no. Cl'ar outen hyar.

Adam. But, Cap'n, I s'pects dat ar yaller dog is a hidin' yon side o' de house dar. Dar 's anudder little yaller dog what he goes for to see, Cap'n, you know, an' dey meets dar quite frequent like. Won't you please let pore old Sam jist go yon way, Marsa Cap'n ?

1st Guard. Yes, go along, but be lively about it.

Adam. I done got by dat ar geerd, but I don't speck I 'll be so lucky wid de nex' chap. Great goodness, if I kin jes pull de wool ober his eyes, I 'll foteh froo suah.

2d Guard. Halt ! Who goes there ?

Adam. Nuttin but a poo' ole nigger, Marsa geerd. I 'se Canne Tobin's nigger, an' he sent me to hunt for a ticklar button like, what he totes in he shirt front. He done loss him dis fo'noon when he went up in de loff to see de Yanks. He sets heaps by dat ar button so he do. He done drap it somewhar twixt de do ob de loff an' de end ob de street. I've looked every blessed inch ob de groun' ober de whole way, an' I ain't fine dat button nowhar. He done promise me a dollar to find dat ar, an' a lickin' ef I didn't, so ye see, Cap'n, I muss look mitey sharp to save my poo' ole skin.

2d Guard. All right, ole man ; peel yer eye, but mind ye git back afore I go off guard or it 'll go hard with all two on us.

Adam. I 'll be back right smart quick, Cap'n, so I will. [*Guard passes on.*] Now bress de Lord, de coast is cl'ar, I reckon I kin take de lock off de do' wid dis yer skooldiver an' open a hole for dat ar button I 'se lookin' arter. [*Exit ADAM L.*]

SCENE 5. — PRISON. FRANK seated on the floor near HANS's dead body. Dead prisoner in blanket near by.

Frank. [*Solus.*] Alone, alone with the dead ; oh, I shall go wild. What's that? [*Rises as door opens.*] For God's sake take away these corpses, and bring me some bread.

Adam. Hush, brederin. I 'se lookin' fur de libin, let de dead bury oder fokes. Whar's Cap'n Frank Morton?

Frank. Here, here ; what do you want ? Who calls my name ?

Adam. Is you Frank Morton, sartin shu?

Frank. All that is left of him.

Adam. I don't want to make no mistake. What's yer sister's name?

Frank. Ruth, — Ruth Morton.

Adam. Yes, dat's right. An' what's Miss Maud's fust name? Oh, my golly; I've gib dat ar all away.

Frank. Are they living? Are Maud and Ruth alive, and —

Adam. Dar now, hush; dat's nuff; don't say no mo', nor make no noise; we ain't got nō time for nuttin but jes as I tells you. [*Takes off outside clothes.*] Pull on dem breeches an' dat ar hat an' dem shoes. Now hole on: let me make a man an' a brudder outen you. [*Blacks FRANK's face.*] Dar now, min' what I tells yer. Tell de fust geerd you 'r' Cunnel Tobin's nigger, been a lookin' fur a shirt button, an' tell de nex geerd you could n't fin' your yaller dog. Now member dat ar, for your life pends on dem t'ings. Den you go straight for Marsa Clay's house, but don't tell nobody that you's gwinen thar. You'll find plenty money in de linin' ob dat ole hat, an' some gold in de heel ob de shoe. Now go on, bold as a sheep, an' I'll go down outen de back do' an' tell de geerds some mo' trash.

Frank. God bless you, old fellow; good by till we meet at Clay's house.

SCENE 6. — *Enter FRANK, L.*

2d Guard. Well, uncle, did yer find the button?

Frank. No, Marsa geerd, I did n't fin' dat button no whar.

2d Guard. Well, hurry up and get outen this.

Frank. Yes, Cap'n; I'se gwinen.

1st Guard. Halt! Where are you goin' at?

Frank. I can't find dat dog, an' I'se gwinen home.

1st Guard. Well, go long with you. [*Exit, R.*]

Enter ADAM, L.

Guard. Halt there, you black rascal.

Adam starts to run. Guard shoots. ADAM falls.

Tableau. Death of ADAM.

Curtain.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. — THE HOSPITAL. FRANK and LIEUT. ROBINSON in beds.

Frank. Tell me some more about the old regiment, Lieutenant. Where did you say you were wounded?

Lieut. R. In the attack on Petersburg. The men all fought like heroes, and when at last the order to charge was given, you ought to have seen them rush on the works. But just before we got there a bullet took me in the leg, and a piece of shell hit me in the shoulder, so that I could neither run nor shoot. I was left on the field, picked up by an ambulance, and here I am.

Frank. But the boys — who were lost?

Lieut. R. I have had no chance to find out.

Frank. Oh, how I wish I could have been with you instead of being cooped up in that horrible prison! How long have I been here? I do not remember anything after I stumbled on our pickets.

Lieut. R. You were brought here two weeks ago last night, but in such miserable condition they did n't know which way it would turn with you. I suppose I must wait to hear your story until you tell it to the Angel of the hospital, as we call her; then I can listen.

Frank. The what — have you got an angel here?

Lieut. R. Yes, indeed, we have; and I have missed her sadly since you came in.

Frank. How so?

Lieut. R. Well, for a week she was not allowed to see you, and so could not come in our ward. But here she comes.

Enter RUTH, L.

Ruth. Good morning, Lieutenant. How are you, this bright morning?

Lieut. R. All right, I think, and a good deal better now that I can see you again, and that the captain is himself once more.

Ruth. [*Aside.*] Thank God, he is. Well, Captain, we are rejoiced at your improvement. You have been very, very sick.

Frank. Yes, I suppose so. Your face and voice both seem famil-

iar. And yet it is so long since I have seen a woman's kindly face that any one would remind me of home, and — Can it be? No, no; this must be a dream. And yet — those eyes, that voice. It is — it must be — Ruth, my sister.

Ruth. Yes, Frank, you are right. It is Ruth, and I have been waiting two long weeks to have you know me. But I was so afraid you would never recognize me again.

Frank. Was I indeed so far gone as not to know you, Ruth?

Ruth. Yes, but never mind now. The doctor says you are doing splendidly, and will gain strength fast.

Frank. But tell me, Ruth — tell me how you came to be here. How are they at home? Are father and mother living, and —

Ruth. [Interrupting.] There, there, have patience Frank, and you shall know all. Yes, everybody at home is about as when you left them, over four years ago. But no more now. It may make you worse.

Frank. No, no. Every word you say gives me new life and strength. Tell me all as fast as your tongue can run. I know that used to be pretty fast.

Ruth. Ha, ha! Yes, that's a fact. Well, I will be brief, and go into details some other time. I came to the hospitals soon after you left, and have been here ever since. The war is still going on. Only think, it is more than four years now; but the South is getting the worst of it. The slaves have been freed, and are fighting nobly side by side with the whites; and we are hoping every day to hear of the final surrender of the Rebels.

Frank. Oh, that is good! That is glorious! But to think that I should have been shut up so long, and kept from my regiment and from all that is worth living for.

Ruth. Well, you played your part, although it must have been a hard one. But how did you get away at last?

Frank. Well, as you say, I will be brief. I had given up all hope, when the Lord sent an angel to me, in the shape of a good old dorky. He let me out and told me to go to Clay's house. In my weak condition I wandered about all day without finding it, and when I did get there a Rebel guard was before the door. So, weak as I was, I made all haste to get outside the Rebel lines.

Ruth. But why did n't they capture you again?

Frank. I was disguised as a dorky, and with the aid of negroes got on splendidly, until I came to the outer pickets. Then in running the gauntlet at night I was shot at by the Johnnies, and hit in the arm. But freedom and pure air gave me strength, so I kept on, and the last

I remember I was falling into the arms of a Union soldier, and was dreaming of you and home.

Ruth. Yes, and when you were brought here you did nothing but call for me and for Maud, and when I came you would drive me away. But never mind, it's all over now.

Lieut. R. What was the idea of sending you to the Clays' house?
[MAUD enters quietly, L.]

Frank. I can't tell, I am sure. My first thought was that Maud Clay knew of my being in prison and was trying to save me, and —

Maud. [Interrupting.] Yes, Frank. You were right —

Frank. What, Maud! Maud Clay! you here? O Maud, can it be?
[Exit RUTH, R.]

Maud. Yes, it is true. When Ruth wrote me you were calling my name, I came as quickly as possible, hoping I might help you. O Frank, I have tried hard to save you, but all my efforts have made you suffer more.

Frank. How so? — that cannot be.

Maud. Yes, Frank; for when I heard of your capture, I got my father to intercede for you. This so enraged the inhuman commander that he gave orders never to allow of your exchange, and to compel you to take the oath, or to die in prison. At last we contrived the plot which led to your release. You are right in calling Adam an angel. If ever a soul had a claim on the kingdom of heaven, his did. He gave his life for us.

Frank. What, dead! no, no, not dead?

Maud. Yes, Frank, dead. He was shot like a dog the very day he assisted you to escape, and the commander, suspecting the Clay family, placed a guard at our house.

Frank. And that was why I found a guard, and not old Adam or you to receive me? [Firing of cannon heard in the distance.]

Enter RUTH, R.

Maud. Yes, that explains it all.

Ruth. Don't you hear the guns firing?

Lieut. R. Another victory, I hope!

Ruth. Yes, and a big one. Lee has surrendered to Gen. Grant. The President says we have troops enough.

Lieut. R. Thank God! The war is at an end.

Frank. Amen.

Tableau. The Surrender.

Curtain.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—RETURN OF THE VETERANS. *Bummers' March. Meeting of citizens. Cheering and congratulations.*

SCENE 2.—AT THE MORTONS' HOME. MR. and MRS. MORTON, RUTH, and MAUD CLAY seated.

Mr. M. Yes, it is indeed true; the war is at an end. How different are our feelings from those of four years ago, when we first heard of the attack on Sumter.

Mrs. M. Yes, and how thankful we ought to be that our boy has been spared to us through all these years.

Maud O, Mrs. Morton, I am so happy to think that Frank will be here to-day; yesterday was the day for him to be mustered out with his regiment.

Mr. M. Would that our happiness could be completed by the return of your brave but misguided brother. But I suppose that cannot be at present.

Ruth. Oh, why should I alone suffer? What duty have I left undone that I should be so cruelly punished?

Enter JERUSHA, R.

Jerusha. Good mornin', all of ye. I hope you 'll scuse the invasion, as the thief said when he robbed the hen-roost, but r'aly I couldn't help comin' down to help holler and cry at the boys comin' home.

Mrs. M. We are glad to have you here, Jerusha, on this joyful occasion.

Jerusha. Law sus i-day, wall now if that ain't the very same speech you made to me the night Frank was born. I member it jest as well as if 't was yesterday.

Maud. You have a wonderful memory, Miss Jerusha.

Jerusha. Yes, Maud; but you need n't miss me. You can jest call me plain Jernsha, if you please.

Maud. Well, then, plain Jernsha, have you heard that Frank is to be born again into the family this very day?

Jerusha. Laws-a-me ! why yes, to be sure, and I wanted to be here on hand ready to du any nusssiu that some sick kittens might need when the time comes.

Mr. M. I presume they will need your assistance, Jerusha.

Jerusha. Yes, I guess they 'll need lip-salve, an' poultices, an' plasters, after the first attack.

Maud. I thank you, but I don't think we shall need your services at present.

Jerusha. That's sort of a hint that I may be of sarvice in the futoor. But here comes the lad, sure as Christmas.

Enter FRANK, L. All rise to meet him.

Mr. M. Welcome home again, my dear boy.

Mrs. M. Oh, how glad I am that our boy has come ! but how you have changed, Frank !

Frank. Yes, mother ; four years make many changes. I should like to make one more change — change off this stub for a whole arm.

Maud. And now I suppose I can welcome you.

Frank. Yes, Maud ; and may I be able to prove to you in the future my appreciation of your loving labors for me in the past. To you and to my sister [*taking RUTH's hand*] I owe my life, my all [*They talk together.*]

Jerusha. That's jest the way, — latest friends is allus the best. I wonder where that boy would 'a' been now if I had n't a brought him through the measles an' hoopin'-cough an' mumps an' scarlet rash an' teethin an' collery infanticide an' all that !

Frank. What were you saying, Jerusha ?

Jerusha. I was jest remarkin' that it's fine weather for young ducks. [*Cheers outside.*]

Ruth. There's another regiment coming home. Let's go and welcome them.

Mr. M. Yes, give 'em all they want to eat and drink ; we can't do too much for our returning soldiers.

All exit R. except JERUSHA.

Jerusha. Law sus-i-day, I wish I had some man or somebody to hug and make a time over. I've knowed half these young chaps from the time they was born ; but they've got other fish to fry, an' have forgot all about such airly acquaintances as Jerusha Spriggins. [*Bell rings.*] Law me, there's that bell. Nobody'll hear it, I s'pose, so I'll go myself. [*Goes to door L. and admits GEORGE CLAY.*] Good mornin', sir.

George. Good morning, *miss*. Is any of the Morton family at home?

Jerusha. Yes, sir, they are all close tu.

George. [*Aside.*] I believe that 's the same woman whom I met the last time I came to this house.

Jerusha. [*Aside.*] I 'll be b'iled if I hain't seen that are face before.

George. Will you kindly inform them that there is one in waiting who humbly begs that he may —

Jerusha. [*Interrupting.*] There, there, don't say the rest on it. You made that same speech to me four year ago.

George. The very same ; and you anticipate the rest.

Jerusha. What du you say I du?

George. Why, you understand what I am about to ask of you?

Jerusha. Law sakes, of course I du. You needn't think I'm a nat'ral born fule, jest cause I can't put on airs an' talk Latin an' Greek and all sich.

George. By no means. I think nothin' of the sort, ma'am.

Jerusha. *Miss*, if you please.

George. Excuse me, *miss*.

Jerusha. Sartinly, *sir*. Take a seat and set down, an' I 'll call the folks. [*Exit JERUSHA, R.*]

Enter RUTH, R.

Ruth. *George*.

George. *Ruth*. Do you still love me? Shall I yet be received kindly into your family, after all the events of the past four years?

Ruth. Yes, *George*, yes. The cruel war is over, and I hope we shall all learn to forgive and forget.

George. Amen, as far as I am concerned.

Ruth. But how did you get here? Why did we not know that you were coming?

Enter MAUD, R.

Maud. O my darling brother! Thank God, you are once more with us. Now the circle is again complete.

George. But where are the rest?

Enter JERUSHA, R.

Jerusha. I am here, if you mean me. The old folks and Frank will be here soon. Them sojers look as though they had been starved for a lifetime.

Enter MR. and MRS. MORTON, R.

Mrs M. *George* Clay! The dead alive again.

George. Yes, *Mrs. Morton*, in more senses than one. I have come

once more to ask you for that boon which four years ago was denied me.

Mrs. M. I have nothing to say now; my happiness is too complete. Ask Mr. Morton. [*Exit JERUSHA, R.*]

Mr. M. Our cup of happiness is indeed full. Yes, George, the past shall be forgotten, and the future shall unite us, as it will the country, more closely and more firmly than ever.

George. Thank you, my dear, dear friends. God bless you for your charity, as he already has for your fraternity and loyalty.

Enter FRANK, R.

Frank. Hello, George! I'm glad you are here. I shall have to deny you my right hand, as I did the last time I saw you; but, old fellow, I'll give you the left, which is nearer the heart, and bid you welcome back to our home and *your* home.

George. Frank, you overpower me. I had framed a little speech of humiliation and repentance, which I was going to make. But you have taken the wind all out of my sails.

Frank. All right. Salt it down, and put it away for future reference.

Ruth. But, Frank, you talk as if you had been expecting George here.

Frank. Of course I was expecting him. I have been working for the last two months to obtain his release. Have n't I, Maud?

Maud. Yes, indeed; and we intended it to be a surprise to you, Ruth.

Frank. It is a long story, George, which you shall have in full in due time. Your sister rescued me from a Southern prison, and my sister saved you from Northern bullets. I thought I would complete the saving process by gaining your release from Fort Warren.

George. How can I sufficiently thank you for all that you have done for me?

Frank. By taking the oath of allegiance, which I gave my word you would, and then we will have a big wedding all around.

George. I have fulfilled your promise, and am only waiting to carry out the balance of the programme.

Frank. Well, you are a trump. Then there's nothing more to do but to appoint the day and proceed to business.

Enter JERUSHA, R with BOB YOUNG.

Jerusha. Yes, there is. I don't propose to be left out of this prescription, and am going to take my dose of Union restorer with the rest.

Frank. What, Bob, are you in for it at last?

Bob Young. Yes, Cap'n; they say it's never too late to mend; and I thought I might need a nuss to help me through my declinin' years.

Jerusha. Ain't you ashamed?

All take positions.

Mr. M. And now may the God of battles, who has brought us out of this fiery ordeal, and united us once more under this roof, unite also in one everlasting Union,

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

Tableau.

Curtain.

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